

Tryst

Out in the desert where
The nights are cold and lonely, there
I will be.
You know the place I mean.

That quaint bar/cafe
Just a little out-of-the-way.
Perfect for our meeting.

Let's set the date for a quarter to eight.
You'll be late,
But you know I'll wait
At the corner table.
Yes, the one and the same.

With candlelight and French champagne,
A sidewalk view of Parkside Lane,
And, a maitre de that remembers our names.
Quite unusual these days.

As the cold wind rattles the window pane,
We'll raise our glasses to yesterday
Saying only what we wish to say.
Careful to avoid last names.

Fermenting memories of years gone by.
As the vintage of the wine
Through the gentle aging of time
Mellows the bouquet.

I realize it can never be the same,
But, still and yet, the maybe remains.
Hoping for a change of heart
To fill this cold, damp dark.

Fermenting memories of years gone by.
As the vintage of the wine
Through the gentle aging of time
Mellows the bouquet.